

Ode to My New Guitar

Music is more than an escape:
It is a creative outlet,
Transforming life's pressures
From a hopeless cacophony of debilitating thoughts
Into a healthy symphony of uplifting joy.

A hobby, yes.
A demanding hobby, certainly.
A time-wasting hobby, never!
A source of energy, always!

Cheaper and more helpful than a psychiatrist.

Bringing people together
to share the delights
of being human.

The "Ode to My New Guitar" was inspired by the first few hours of pleasure I enjoyed playing my recently purchased *Yamaha FGX 413SC* Electro-Acoustic guitar. Anyone who enjoys playing a musical instrument will identify with the sentiments expressed. I composed this while teaching at the Gale Pond Elementary School in Odessa, TX. The students were writing poems for a class assignment. I told them I would write a poem of my own. This is the poem.

Donald L. Potter, 4/20/04

www.donpotter.net

Meditation
on an old picture of me
playing my first guitar,
a Sears' Silvertone Classical,
on the front porch of the old farm house.
I still have that instrument and play it.

That first scale,
That first chord,
 Singing through
 The tall trees
 And green grass
 in my front yard,
 over the hills,
 down the valleys,

Giving life
 to all my Dreams
 Sailing through
 Space and Time
 to West Texas – 1993

That same cool, sweet breeze
 that sang through the trees,
 still sings.

That same guitar - Silvertone Classic
 still plays.

That same person – Me, myself, I
 still in love
 with the same blending notes,
 harmonious with nature itself.

Time suspended and spanned
 by a resonant wooden bridge.
 Able, well able, to express the music
 of a Handel or a Bach.

By Donald Potter, July 21, 1993

**Turncoat to the Culture of my youth?
Never!**

Did you ever listen
to the brook foaming
over rocks after a storm?

Did you ever smell
peppermint growing
in the meadow?

Did you ever taste
blackberries sweet and juicy
on the bush?

Did you ever feel
rich dirt between your toes
in a freshly plowed field?

Did you ever see
Four O-Clocks fresh
with morning dew?

Have you ever heard
the sound of the Classical Guitar
singing over the hillside
in Southern Indiana?

I have!

By Donald L. Potter, July 21, 1993.

These long-lost poems were found on July 29, 2013 on an old floppy disk in my office. If I ever find the picture, now misplaced, I will add it to this document. It was a black and white picture of me setting on the front porch of my boyhood country home playing my Silvertone Classic, overlooking the hills of Southern Indiana not far from Rising Sun, Indiana.

I no longer have that old classic guitar, but I still play guitar almost everyday of my life.